Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt:
And ſleepe, that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp fower.
Heare ſhee comes, curſt and ſadde.
Cupid is a knauiſh ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no paſe with my deſires.
Here will I reſt mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens ſhielde *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, ſleepe ſound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowen,
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*: nought ſhall goe ill:
The man ſhall haue his mare again, & all ſhall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*

Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſtick muſke roſes in thy ſleeke ſmooth head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Bee, on the toppe of a thiſtle: and good Mounſieur, bring mee the hony bagge. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much, in the action, Mounſieur: and good Mounſieur haue a care, the hony bagge breake not, I would be loath to haue you ouerflowen with a honibag *ſignior*. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeede?*
Muſt. Readie.
Clo. Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeede*. Pray you, leaue your curtſie, good Mounſieur.
Muſt. what's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe*, to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers, Mounſieur. For me thinkes I am marualles hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I muſt ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſique, my ſweete loue?
Clo. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſique. Lets haue the tongs, and the bones.
Tyta. Or, ſay ſweete loue, what thou deſireſt to eate.
Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,
Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that ſhall ſeeke the Squirils And fetch thee newe nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtirre me: I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon mee.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes.
Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt: the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.